WRL NEWS

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Dramatic End to Walk in DC

Crossing the Memorial Bridge heading towards the Pentagon. *photo by Larry Johnson*

by Ed Hedemann

After 20 months of organizing and nine months of walking through 33 states on 20 routes, the Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice ended in Washington, DC, amid a flurry of activities which included the joining of the routes, rallies, a film festival, a political fair, arrests at the Pentagon, and visitations to HUD and the White House.

Probably the most moving of all the events was the joining of the three main routes on October 16 at the Lincoln Memorial. It would be as hard for me to describe the feeling of that event as it was for photographers to capture it on film. But to consider the numbers of people from areas of the country thousands of miles apart who have been involved with the project for months on end *finally* coming together for the first time must be lived to be understood.

Although the success of the entire Walk cannot be measured by what happened in Washington, the activities there certainly assisted in furthering two of the purposes of the Walk: 1) publicizing the issues of disarmament and social justice and 2) activating and energizing movement people for ongoing work.

One of the major problems the Walk has had from the beginning has been the lack of sufficient *national* publicity—centering particularly in New York City and Washington, DC. Though the Walk had a minimal amount of organizing in Washington since early in the year, it wasn't until six weeks before the finale that we were able to establish a full time, intensive organizing operation. Rep. Walter Fauntroy made space available in his church, located in the black community of Washington. Pat Lacefield was flown in from Missouri to set up the office and get the Washington organizing on its feet. Shortly afterwards, Jim Tindall and Vickie Leonard from the New York Walk office, and Tom MacLean from the main route of the Walk joined Pat in the organizing efforts. Only a month before October 16 we had approximately eight people working full time (and living in a one bedroom apartment), with the addition of Grace Hedemann from WRL to coordinate media, Debbie Brown from the main route to organize colleges, and

Ed Hedemann from the NY Walk office/WRL to deal with permits. Yet, a month away, many Washington movement groups seem to have never heard of the Walk, to say nothing about the rest of the metropolitan population. The mass media wasn't interested though deluged by press releases, press conferences, public service announcements, personal phone calls and visits.

With only two weeks left, an already exhausted staff of nearly 15 organizers by now, working at least 12 hours a day seven days a week, began "midnight postering parties" to reach the people by bypassing roadblocks thrown up by the mass media.

One of the high points of the Washington organizing was the spirit, ability and dedication of organizers who, in spite of the time pressures, tensions and hassles, came from the main route of the Walk (Chuck Pierson who worked on churches, H. Beyne Pietrusiewicz who coordinated postering), came from other areas of the country (such as Sandy Spieler who worked on puppets, banners, and other props), and who came from the Washington community, like John Cort who worked on media, Nancy Williams who organized the Univ. of Maryland campus (among other tasks), John Cohn, Dave Fleishmann, Mark Looney, as well as a flood of people the last week who poured in to help with last minute organizing (Mike Jendrzejczyk of FOR, Gail Pressberg of AFSC, William Douthard, David McReynolds, Ralph DiGia of WRL, Carol Patti, Joanne Sheehan, Rick Gaumer, Mary Lou Steele of CPF, Maureen O'Donnell of the NYC Walk office, as well as more people from the Boston and San Francisco routes of the Walk and the DC area). The energy was incredible!

With about two weeks remaining, things began to click: the media began to express interest, a few churches offered housing, people began to say "Oh, yes, I've heard of the Walk." Little things such as that were crucial to maintaining our morale.

Even with the numbers of people we had working, we were seriously understaffed, and things could not be done which needed to be. Of all the Washington events being planned, the one which we had the most apprehension about success was the local Washington demonstration scheduled for October 15. The October 15 actions were to be conceived, planned, and organized by Washingtonians. Unfortunately, the prime organizer for the event, disappeared with about 10 days left. This resulted in a mad scramble by national organizers to pull it together, notably William Douthard and Grace Hedemann.

What had been set up was a candlelight sidewalk processions from five area churches into Lafayette Park, followed by a rally featuring Rev. Ralph Abernathy, Eugene McCarthy, and a series of local speakers. The processions came off—just barely in some cases—and the rally attracted about 500 people. Whew!

Saturday, October 16, was simply spectacular. There was some concern that the police would revoke our permits for the streets because of their loophole in the permit stating we could walk in the streets if the numbers (unspecified) weren't *sufficient*. Some of us were prepared to risk arrest if they insisted we take the sidewalks.

All went smoothly as each of the three routes started off with 150 to 200 people at staggered times (due to the varying distances from the Lincoln Memorial—three miles, seven miles, eight miles) from the borders of the District of Columbia. It was a moving site to see the walks stretched out for blocks taking up half the roadways on their two mile per hour trek into the city.

The marshalls from the Philadelphia Life Center (coordinated by Bill Moyer and Priscilla Lippincott, plus Golden Frinks on the Southern route) did a marvellous job of ensuring the hassle-free nature, nonviolent tone, and excellent timing of the walking.

The Southern route of the Walk carried the Trident Monster (408 black streamers, one for each nuclear weapon carried by a Trident submarine, connected by rope stretched out 525 feet and held aloft by bamboo poles, constructed under the direction of Tom MacLean) as it passed through Georgetown. At Dupont Circle, the Powder Horn Puppet Theater (directed by Sandy Spieler) with its herd of "buffalo," a puppet of the Mississippi River, a bird man on 6-foot stilts, banners, etc., joined the San Francisco route for the last two and a half miles passing by the White House. On the Capitol grounds the Bread and Puppet Theater with its "procession in two parts: yes and no" joined the Boston route. "No" was represented by a military band, Uncle Fatso (capitalism), spectres of death. "Yes" was represented by a soft music band, herd of "horses," flower banners, sun, stars, flowing white birds held aloft on 25-foot poles, etc.

The 50 representatives of the Japanese peace movement split up among the three routes added immeasurably to the power of the Walk—especially with the beating of their drums.

About a block from the Lincoln Memorial all three routes paused at three different locations, and then came in, to meet in front of the Memorial at precisely the same time. After the joining of the routes there was about 10 minutes of people, puppets, banners, signs, streamers, and so forth all over the place.

After a few brief remarks, the three routes—now one—walked past the

photo by Karl Bissinger

The 3 routes after joining at Lincoln Memorial on October 16.

Reflecting Pool (conveniently drained for the occasion) to the Sylvan Theater at the base of the Washington Monument. The rally attracted some 2,000 to 3,000 people for the windy but rain-free afternoon. The speeches by Sid Lens, Dick Gregory, Cora Weiss, Myrtle Solomon, and others were projected in the direction of the Washington Monument. The Bread and Puppet Theater opened the rally, and Charlie King and Rev. Frederick Kirkpatrick closed it as people filled the coffins with names of people, programs, and places which have died as a result of government spending. Tables on the periphery of the rally sold literature, gave information on housing, and provided sandwiches for the lunch-less ones. The press turnout for the rally ranged from Radio Free Europe to the East German media (Berlin TV carried six minutes on the Walk Sunday night). The Washington *Post* featured a front page photo in the Sunday paper of the rally.

That evening a film festival was held at the Luther Place Memorial Church. Around 300 people saw "Fighting For Our Lives," "Last Grave at Dimbaza," and "Lovejoy's Nuclear War" interspersed with a few political raps. Meanwhile, confusion reigned at the Walk headquarters on trying to get people matched up with appropriate housing.

The next day (Sunday), activities started at 1 pm for the Ecumenical Service at the Luther Place Memorial Church. The Service, organized by Sally Benson, Art Waskow, among others, featured the seven days of creation and attracted a full house of 500 people

As the Service ended at 2 pm the Peace and Justice Fair (organized by Vickie Leonard) began with information, literature, and food tables from local DC groups, sponsoring national organizations, etc. The place was packed; an estimated 1,000 people must have passed through between 2 and 6 pm. One group was selling pieces from the "military pie," FOR distributed balloons, a Utopia game was going on upstairs, Ellsberg and others held workshops, a peace conversion machine swallowed up B-1 bombers and spit out school books. That evening a dinner was served for 250 people and followed by a meeting discussing Monday's activities.

Monday morning threatened to be cold and rainy. It was cold and sunny. The police threatened to be unyielding in their insistence of our having to walk on the sidewalk across the Arlington Memorial Bridge. They were unyielding. We were prepared to walk in the streets up to the point of arrests while negotiating furiously.

The police were prepared . . . about a dozen mounted police with a station wagon containing two snarling, furiously barking, vicious-looking police dogs—the "Old South" unmasked in Washington. We took the sidewalk across the bridge rather than jeopardize the permits for the rest of the day. Once crossing the bridge, we secured the streets the rest of the way.

Approaching the Pentagon, the procession was magnificient. We paraded in front of the River entrance of the monster and filed into the grassy ceremonial area. As Dan Ellsberg spoke and pointed accusingly at his old office building, a smaller group of people were making plans to take the coffins, model Hiroshima Bomb, and Declaration of Nonviolence to the steps of the Pentagon. At the end of the speaking about 100 people crossed the small executive parking lot as Charlie King began singing "Gonna Lay Down My Coffins and Bombs, Down by the Pentagon," carrying the coffins. Suddenly about 30 police and riot cops with yard long night sticks ran from two buses parked nearby to block the River entrance to the Pentagon. At that point the demonstrators stopped and layed down the coffins and bomb.

After a few minutes of discussion and negotiating, the demonstrators began to read the Declaration of Nonviolence and the police began to arrest the demonstrators, coffins, and bomb. The police were noticeably avoiding the necessity to arrest Ellsberg as he asked them "Why are you arresting these Americans?" But finally they walked him off as well as *WRL News* Editor Jim Peck (of course), David McReynolds, Sue Mesner, and 51 others. The arrestees were hauled off to Alexandria for arraignment. All were released on personal recognizance except for six who noncooperated with the arrest procedure (they were released with all charges dropped after five days of jail and fasting). The hearing for the rest (two juveniles were released with all charges dropped) will be November 5 on the two charges of "blocking an entrance or roadway" and "not following official directions."

Meanwhile, back at the Pentagon, the remainder of the 700 marchers converted the procession of death to

The Walk winding its way towards the Pentagon *photo by Larry Johnson*

Rally at the Pentagon, October 18. *photo by Dorothy Marder*

one of life by unfurling banners, releasing balloons, and heading back to Washington for the HEW. A delegation of black Mississippi people went into see HUD officials about their eviction, while the rest of us were at the Pentagon. They rejoined the procession as it stopped by HEW for a brief rally on the way to the White House.

When the procession reached the White House, a moving picket was set up displaying signs indicating social programs "killed" as a result of government funding. A delegation of people representing the Walk (Barton Hunter of FOR, Susan Laflamme from the long distance walkers, Anne Braden of the Southern Organizing Committee, Rev. Bernard Lee of SCLC, Vickie Leonard of the National Walk staff, Rev. Quijn Sato of the Japan Buddha Sangha, Stewart Meacham) entered the White House to meet with national security advisor John Marcum for about an hour discussion. After the delegation was freed, Bernard Lee and Vickie Leonard joined the rally going on in Lafayette Park reporting on the meeting. The Administration still likes bombs. The next day President Ford made a public statement denouncing those (unspecified) who call for slashing the military budget in order to meet domestic needs. He pointed out that a strong military is necessary to maintain a healthy country.

That evening an informal party was held at the New Bethel Baptist Church for the long distance walkers and others who participated in the Walk activities. The next day an evaluation and followup session held at the Friends Meeting pursued a number of ideas for continuing activity. Two of the more popular ones were for a peace caravan to travel around the country and the other was a 1981 walk to Moscow. The spirit of the meeting was to continue working and educating on peace issues—not to let activity and energy to subside with the Walk's end.

LARRY SCHOENTHAL DEAD

Larry Schoenthal, a friend of many west and east coast Movement people, a participant in the Continental Walk, an activist with the farm workers and anti-nuke groups—was killed in an auto accident in Oregon in September.

Memorial services for him have been held in San Luis Obispo and Santa Cruz.

PRISONERS FOR PEACE

Federal Prison, Alderson, W.Va. 24910—Joann Mulert
Federal Prison, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837—Willie Chadwick
Federal Prison, Petersburg, Va. 23803—Arnold John Albrecht
Federal Prison, Tallahassee, Fla. 32302—James Sager

EDITOR'S NOTE

Since I feel that Staff Member Ed Hedemann rates special credit for thinking-up the most outstanding peoples demo of the Bicentennial year and the most far-reaching pacifist-initiated street-action of our time (The Continental Walk), I am pleased that the League's executive committee on Nov. 4 voted special commendation for Ed and for Joanne Sheehan (of Catholic Peace Fellowship, who worked on the Walk staff).

In perspective, I find that the Continental Walk of 1976 is to the San Francisco-Moscow Walk of 1961 what the Freedom Rides of 1961 were to the Journey of Reconciliation of 1947. The Moscow Walk and the Journey each involved just one small group of dedicated participants. The Continental Walk and the Freedom Rides involved countless participants from all across the country. The Continental Walk, with its many feeder walks, reached into all sections and got publicity in the media of many small communities where the issues of peace and disarmament rarely appear in print. Nonviolent action projects as imaginative and far-reaching as the Continental Walk are a rarity!

WRL STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

The War Resisters League affirms that war is a crime against humanity. We therefore are determined not to support any kind of war, international or civil, and to strive nonviolently for the removal of all the causes of war.

☐ I support this statement and wish to enroll as a member of the **war resisters league**.

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Send to War Resisters League
339 Lafayette Street
New York, N.Y. 10012

15 YEARS AFTER THE FREEDOM RIDES

by Jim Peck

In this Bicentennial year, 15 years after the Freedom Rides, I joined the *southern* leg of the Continental Walk. I made this choice to help publicize the inherent continuity between the two nonviolent action projects in respect to the black freedom struggle in the south. I was in a unique position to do this because I had become publicly identified with the Freedom Rides as a consequence of my near-fatal feating by a Klan mob as the first Ride arrived in Birmingham, Alabama on May 14, 1961.

Recognizing me from 1961, a reporter interviewed me as the Walk proceeded out of Birmingham. "Don't you think things have mellowed some since then?" he asked. I replied: "Yes, they've 'mellowed' some, but there's a lot of 'mellowing' yet to go."

True, the outward appearance of the American south no longer is like South Africa, with its complete apartheid. Gone are the "white" and "colored" signs, the four toilets, the two drinking fountains, the restaurants, hotels and motels which admitted whites only. Birmingham, the "All-American City of 1976," looks no different, racially, than any northern city. This vast change came about as a result of the sit-ins, the Freedom Rides, the marches and other mass, nonviolent protest actions of the early 1960s. But behind this new facade, lies much of the ultra-bigotry of the old south.

The reporter would have seen it for himself if he simply had followed us. Some nine blocks after the interview, in the heart of the downtown area, we were stopped by police and arrested for the "crime" of walking in the street, rather than on the sidewalk. (It was the third arrest since the Walk left New Orleans: the others were in St. Francisville, La. and Laurel, Miss.)

The men and women were taken to the police station in two separate paddywagons. Upon arrival, the women's wagon was unlocked and their processing started. But, with us men, the police apparently decided on some minor torture. They kept us locked inside the cramped, overcrowded wagon for over a half hour. The heat must have been well over 100. The sweat was pouring off us—so much so that we had to borrow the towels which the Japanese monks carried with them, to wipe it off. A few of us came close to fainting.

Finally, the door was unlocked, we were processed and were driven to the overcrowded Birmingham City Jail, perhaps the worst I've encountered in my long jail experience. Our bail was set at $200 apiece. We decided to stay in jail until released on our own recognizance. Next day, our Birmingham supporters negotiated such a release. We then met with Mayor David Vann, a liberal. Gone are the days of Police Chief "Bull" Connor, who gained worldwide notoriety by his use of police dogs to assault black, nonviolent demonstrators. Yet some of his henchmen remain on the police force as evidenced by our arrest and our getting the sweat treatment in the wagon.

Mayor Vann apologized to us for the arrest, attributed it to a "lack of communication" and said it never would have happened if he had not been out of town. He promised to see to it that the charges against us would be dropped without our even having to appear in court. An hour later, we were walking out of Birmingham 40 strong—in the street—with a police escort. We walked about five miles and then adjourned the Walk for a weekend of rest.

During that weekend, an incident occurred which, really, is reminiscent of the old south. Late Sunday night, Klansmen set fire to the car of my hosts, Judy and Milton Garrison, who lived in Trussville, about 15 miles from the city and who were housing two black walkers. After the fire finally was extinguished, leaving the car a hideous, charred wreck, we went inside the house and the phone rang. When Milton picked up the receiver, a male voice said: "This is just a sample of what you're going to get if you keep on having the niggers in your house." Next day, the neighbors prohibited their children from playing with Chris, the Garrison's 5-year-old son and he came home asking: "Mommy, what's a nigger?" Two weeks later, the Klan had Milton fired from his job at Chevrolet Service. The Garrisons have moved to an apartment near the city. They weren't scared, but they couldn't subject Chris to ostracism and possible harassment.

An illustration of the extent of southern bigotry is an incident which occurred late at night as we vigiled in front of the courthouse in Laurel, Mississippi on the eve of our trial. At about 9:30, the sheriff appeared, flanked by two cops. Two spokesmen from our group asked them what they wanted. Their sole concern was that the "niggers" might simply relieve themselves, like animals, on the courthouse lawn, rather than seek-out toilet facilities. Upon being assured that such would not be the case, the sheriff departed. When our spokesmen returned to report the dialogue, there was much laughter. Only a few hours previous, at the rally, one speaker had said: "There still are some bigots around here who view us as animals."

My final stint on the southern Walk was in eastern North Carolina, which is known as "Klan country." We were arrested three times—in Rocky Mount, New Bern and Ahoskie. In Tarboro, where we were taken after the Rocky Mount arrest, the jail still is segregated—which surprised me in view of the fact that even in Birmingham City Jail, there was no segregation.

We walked through many towns in eastern North Carolina, but one which I can't forget is Scotland Neck. The black community there had been shook-up by a gross miscarriage of justice in which a white woman shot and killed a young black at close range and was acquitted. When we reached the city limits, 25 residents were waiting to join us and walk through town. At a rally and potluck supper afterwards, they voted to fill their little bus, a former school bus, and drive it all the way to Washington for the big demo which concluded the Walk. They also collected $150 for us and stacked our truck with bags of food. Upon arrival in Washington, I was moved to see, parked outside the church where we were staying, that little blue bus bearing the inscription SCOTLAND NECK MOVEMENT AGAINST RACIAL INJUSTICE.

On the last lap from Arlington to Washington's Lincoln Memorial, where all the Walks dramatically converged, the southern Walk had swelled to some 200—augmented by a busload of people from Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana and a number of carloads from various parts of the south. The freedom songs which we had sung all along the southern roads echoed in the streets of Washington.

I cannot end without credit to four SCLC leaders without whom the southern Walk never would have been: Bernard Lee, Fred Taylor, James Orange and Golden Frinks. Also, to four walkers who went the entire way: Hiroshi Sera from Japan, Taylor, Fred Moore and Joe Page.

POST ELECTION THOUGHTS

by David McReynolds

Carter made it by a hair. McCarthy pulled just 1% of the vote. And nearly half the folks stayed home altogether. Did the election make any difference? And is there anything we need to say about it? The answer is yes on both counts. Carter's election will make a difference in the areas of increased employment, aid to major cities (Carter, for example, owes a very heavy debt to the New York City vote), new governmental concern for blacks (again, his political debt to blacks is enormous—their votes gave him the margin of victory not only in New York State, but in some of the Southern states). I'm always irritated with middle class white radicals who, able to afford their sectarianism, tell me it "doesn't make any difference." To poor folks, black folks, and city folks, there is a major difference between what Ford stood for and what Carter does.

The election was never as empty of issues as the analysts kept telling us. I was angered at the Northern bias against Carter—it was a tangible mistrust of someone based on his accent and region. And I was amused at the "fear" of Carter because of his religion—it exposed the hypocrisy of a nation which carefully stamps "In God We Trust" on its coins and then was terrified when it found out Carter actually believed in God. No one was bothered by Nixon's nauseous "civil religion" with inter-denominational prayer breakfasts, because everyone knew Nixon didn't have any serious beliefs in anyone except Nixon. But having said all of this, I admit I did *not* vote for Carter (nor for McCarthy, for that matter). And one of the problems we have within this country is the focus on who one is going to vote for for President, as if any *one* person can make much difference. I've suggested that Carter's election will make *some* difference—and it will. But it will *not* end unemployment. It will *not* reconstruct the major cities. It will *not* slash the military budget. It will *not* move toward nuclear disarmament. It will *not* give us a better Middle Eastern policy. In a limited way, and on limited issues, it makes a difference. We will go to hell as a society a little more slowly than with Ford. The basic structural changes we *must* have cannot be achieved within the political framework as it now exists, and they absolutely cannot be achieved by any single person.

Radicals need to get society to think more deeply than within the dangerously limited context of choosing a person on a single day every four years. I am glad Carter won—I should much rather see the country get worse more slowly than more swiftly. But my job—and I hope our collective job—is to continue building a movement from the community up which will at some point provide the electorate with a political framework that can involve them *every day*—not just one day in November, and with a movement that knows our problems can't be solved by any one person, and certainly not from any one "center," whether that is Washington DC or New York or San Francisco. We need to think in terms of our communities and our regions. And what we know is true of WRL is also true of our nation.

Finally there are some immediate tasks in the days that are just ahead. WRL members should be writing Carter—and their members of Congress—on what I see as five areas where we might hope to influence the new Administration. First, to urge Carter follow through on the matter of amnesty, and to urge it be general, universal, and unconditional to include the "less than honorable" and "dishonorable" discharges, so many of which were politically motivated. Second, to urge Carter pursue a new policy toward Indochina and specifically recognize the government of Vietnam. Third, to urge Carter take immediate action to get federal funds back into the cities and that he find those funds by immediate cuts in the "defense" budget (I really think we ought to just call this the "Suicide Budget"). Fourth, to take Carter at his word and demand an end of US aid to military dictatorships around the world. Fifth, that even if he has to resort to "public works projects," he get the unemployed back to work.

Elected candidates forget their campaign promises. Within the limits of what Carter can do—and I've suggested there are sharp limits—it is important that we try to hold him to the campaign promises he made.

AMNESTY WEEK TO FOCUS ON CARTER

National Amnesty Week—January 10-17—will focus on Jimmy Carter, who has promised that in his first week in office, he will pardon Vietnam war resisters. It will aim at broadening Carter's proposal into one of unconditional amnesty.

The Week—proclaimed by National Committee for Universal & Unconditional Amnesty—calls for action at the community level, letters to newspapers, participation in talk shows, leafleting, picketing, etc. From NCUUA (339 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012) can be obtained an OPEN LETTER TO CARTER for use in newspaper ads.

(The Week also may include action on reconstruction of Vietnam but that has not yet been decided as this issue goes to press.)

PROTEST CHINESE TEST WHICH DROPPED FALLOUT ON U.S.

photo by Karl Bissinger

These pickets marched at the Chinese Mission to the UN October 12 protesting a Chinese nuclear test in the atmosphere which brought nuclear fallout all the way to the eastern part of the U.S. "Socialist fallout is just as dangerous as capitalist fallout," said the leaflets. The picketing was organized by WRL—which just 13 years previous, initiated the *only* demo in the U.S. against China's first nuclear test.

WALKING THROUGH KANSAS

by Stewart Meacham

I walked through Kansas with the Continental Walk in July. The wheat was golden, the roads we walked on were flat, endless, and with few curves. The great tractor trailers came roaring along in endless succession, loaded, we were told, with Kansas grain. Mile after mile we could see the harvesting combines with their tractor cabs two-storeys high, pulling the harvesting rigs through the wheat in air-conditioned splendor. There still are family farms in Kansas but one farmer, with one or two helpers (a son or a brother) can manage most of the labor for a thousand acres from planting to harvesting to transport to market or storage, using the great rigs that cost $65,000 each. It is that kind of farming. Capital intensive. Farmhands now are mostly living in the towns or in the trailer towns surrounding rural factories which are themselves becoming new towns, or new appendages to the familiar names of older towns—Wichita, Manhattan, Topeka. They are farmhands no longer but mill hands—often hunting for jobs.

Kansas to me had been middle America, the silent majority. I joined the walk for the stretch through Kansas because I wanted to see what that part of America is saying and thinking about Vietnam, disarmament, and social justice. I had been four and a half years out of the country and I wanted to get re-acquainted again with home, and Kansas seemed like a good place to begin.

This is what I found:

(1) The people were not made afraid and hostile by people who were for peace, justice, rights for women, and an end to nuclear proliferation and contamination. They planned ahead for us. Their newspapers met us on the road with cameras and tapes and the pictures and interviews were published before we arrived in town. They came down to the road as we passed by, handing us fruit and giving us water. They organized pot-luck suppers and took us into their homes at night. They listened while we said our say, and as often as not one of them would respond with pledges of unity and support. We didn't make a big thing of money but it cost us little or nothing to walk through Kansas. There was enough free food and free-will contributions to keep us going.

(2) The highways themselves were filled with greetings and welcome. As often as not when the big rigs came roaring by and we gave them the peace sign and held our banners high they responded with loud long blasts on their heavy horns, flashed their lights, and let us know that they knew what we were and that they liked it. There was much of the same with passing cars. Sometimes the faces were frozen and staring straight ahead, and sometimes the gestures were derisive or hostile, but the clear majority gave the peace sign back to us and smiled and waved their friendship and support.

(3) In one or two spots the police were stiff, but never was it anything like what the Southern walk faced. At a town close to Fort Riley the police were particularly up-tight, and when we tried to calm them down they explained that if we ran into any of the GIs from the Fort we would be in for trouble—they wouldn't give peace walkers much of a chance, they said. Actually it was quite different. Walking along the ten miles or so where the highway ran right through the Fort we got as good a welcome from the GIs as we got anywhere. Peace signs, fists raised in solidarity and greeting, the whole bit. They knew who we were and they were with us.

(4) Often in the towns it would be Mennonites, or Church of the Brethren, or Quakers, or Methodists who turned out and organized the hospitality. But also often it would be young teachers, social workers, or Vietnam veterans who would see us through town.

The Walk itself operated at two levels. There were tensions amongst the Walkers. Has anyone ever seen a peace action that was worth two hoots in hell that wasn't filled with tensions? I have not. Our congenital disease is getting up tight just when things are going well. We are much nicer to each other when we are accomplishing very little. Here the tensions were always present and long enduring. The walkers wondered why some would walk only a little and ride a lot. The early risers wondered why some people wanted to sleep late when we could be on the road in the cool of the day. The Women's Liberation people were up tight over the single issue Disarmament people, and vice versa. There was that level of tensions and crossed feelings and head-butting which at times became really painful.

And then there was another level which we rarely had time even to acknowledge and give a conscious thought to but it was always there, scarcely touched by the more surface but painfully felt day-to-day things. And this was the level of search and readiness and hope that had led us to start out in the first place. The Walk was not cohesive. The Walkers were people who had come together by chance and by personal choice but not as a matter of their own decision as a group. The entire Walk was an experience in seeing whether the Walkers could discover themselves—in common effort, and at times we did. But the thing that never left us, even at the least happy times, was the readiness to start out again the next day, and again, and again, and again, and make it work.

After the great excitement of the successes during the struggle against the American imperialists in Vietnam we find ourselves now wondering where and how to grab a hold on the unfinished business of dealing with the new forms of imperialism that are now emerging, of building the structures and associations of justice, of acting within the context of all the supporting decencies that are alive in people. The Walk was an exciting and successful exercise in this search. It was a simple, direct, uncomplicated going back to the people and everyone was enriched.

There must be more Walks. And next time let us hold on to our hopes for what the culmination can be and see where we are carried. There are two basic next steps: (1) To so arrange things that the Walks themselves can revive and renew the experience of the teach-ins focussed now on the new imperialisms we find coming in on us in a thousand ways at home and stretching out with global reach into Asia, Africa, Latin America and into every urban area. (2) Carry the teach-ins from the campuses, the town halls, the church basements, the union halls, the new life centers and communes right back again and again and again to Washington (and Wall Street) as this Walk at its end in Washington at the Pentagon showed could be done.

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A DRAMATIC SCENE IN PEACE MOVEMENT HISTORY.....

. . . is captured by photographer, John Goodwin as he snapped Daniel Ellsberg, of Pentagon Paper fame, being arrested in front of the Pentagon October 18 on the final lap of the Continental Walk from San Francisco to Washington. The walkers had just deposited on the steps four "coffins" and a papermache bomb to symbolize the Pentagon's handiwork. Arrested with Ellsberg were 53 other walkers including WRL staff members Ed Hedemann, David McReynolds and Jim Peck.

Prior to his arrest, Ellsberg delivered a moving, personal speech during which he repeatedly gestured at the giant pentagonal structure and recalled the days when he was on its inside. He concluded: "I was asked once again today: 'Is this the last rally of the Vietnam war?' No, that was last year. This is the first rally of the rest of our lives. Let's get on with it!"

WRL SPEAKERS HIT ROAD

Immediately after the end of the Continental Walk, WRL announced that two speakers would be on the road almost immediately, with two ready to go as soon as requests came in.

Igal Roodenko: From late January and lasting possibly into April, Igal will be on the road in Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky. He has toured parts of this wide area four times in the past five years and has been instrumental in winning supporters for the League. Asked to give his own definition of his position, he said he was "A total pacifist, seeing nonviolence as a psychological discipline, an approach to problems, rather than an ideological imperative." He feels as much influenced by Jefferson as by Marx, and, in somewhat equal parts, by Freud, Darwin, Jesus. His heroes are Socrates and Gandhi—he ruefully admitted that western civilization had stunted his awareness of heroines of equal stature.

He functions best in classrooms and small discussion groups, being at east with high school and college classes, church and movement groups, radio phone-in shows and media interviews. His topics for this tour include: After the elections—what? Capital Punishment, the US and the 21st Century, More Violence Equals Less Revolution, and Morality as a Biological Function.

Pat Lacefield is setting up the schedule—if you are interested in having him spend a few days in your community or on your campus, contact Pat Lacefield, Columbia FOR/WRL, 813 Maryland Avenue, Columbia, Mo. 65201 (314) 442-1813 and 442-7788.

David McReynolds: On WRL staff since 1961, he has become one of the key ideological figures in both the pacifist movement and the American Left, arguing for nonviolence and for peaceful transition to some form of democratic socialism. He was one of the key organizers of mass protests during the Vietnam War, and of the Continental Walk. He will be in Los Angeles from December 17-20, in Santa Barbara the 20 of December to the 5 of January, and in San Francisco January 6-10. For information on when and where he will be speaking, or to help secure speaking dates, contact:

Southern California: Mandy Carter, 629 South Hill Street, Room 915, Los Angeles, California 90014. Phone 213/626-5463.
Northern California: WRL West, 1360 Howard St., San Francisco, Ca. 94103. Phone: 415/626-6976.

Jim Peck: One of the great spirits of our time, who can give a gourmet's critique of the food in dozens of jails, North and South, beaten nearly to death on the first Freedom Ride, a tireless demonstrator, he is a living representative of militant resistance and action. Having been on the southern Walk in all but two states, he is particularly equipped right now to speak on the "New" South. His speciality is an illustrated, first hand talk on the most dramatic nonviolent protest actions of our time. Contact the National Office: 339 Lafayette St., NYC 10012, 212/228-0450.

Ed Hedemann: Quiet, precise in his facts, the main force behind the Continental Walk, more concerned with the nuts and bolts of organizing local groups than with laying out ideological generalities, Ed wants to be in the field and should be free for field trips for organizing by the time this reaches you. He is at the moment tying up loose ends from the Walk. Contact the National Office: 339 Lafayette St., NYC 10012, 212/228-0450.

(Note: Staff is acutely aware we have listed four white males. We are working hard on building a list that gives a better "range of sex and color." But this is what we can put in the field *now*—it is a list to which we will add as swiftly as possible.)

ART EXHIBIT TO BENEFIT LEAGUE

The WRL is pleased to announce that, thanks to Donald Judd, a major exhibition of contemporary American artists will take place in New York City December 4-20. There will be a special reception opening night.

The Heiner Friedrich Gallery, 141 Wooster Street (in SoHo) is providing the space. Artists who have contributed their works are: Carl Andre, Larry Bell, John Chamberlain, Walter De Maria, Dan Flavin, Donald Judd, Sol LeWitt, David Rabinowitch, Fred Sandback, Richard Serra.